The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS,

Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

"Yes, but if he'd be satisfied to cut it up into lots and do what is fair"—

"Cut it up into nothing! Man alive, do you suppose that Siowitha people would let him? They've only a few thousand acres. They've got to control that land. What good is their club without it? Do you imagine they'd let a town grow up on three sides of their precious game preserve? And, besides, I'll bet you that half of their streams and lakes take rise on other people's property—and that Neergard knows it—the Dutch fox!"

They discussed Neergard's scheme for a little while longer. Austin,

They discussed Neergard's scheme.

shrewd and cautious, declined any personal part in the financing of the deal, although he admitted the probability of prospective profits.

"Our investments and our loans are of a different character," he explained, "but I have no doubt that Fane, Harmon & Co."—

"Why, both Fane and Harmon are members of the club," laughed Selwyn. "You don't expect Neergard to go to them?"

A peculiar expression flickered in Gerard's heavy features. Perhaps he thought that Fane and Harmon and Jack Ruthven were not above exploiting their own club under certain circumstances; but, whatever his opinion, he said nothing further and, suggesting that Selwyn remain to dine, went off to dress.

A few moments later he returned, crestfallen and conciliatory.

"I forgot Nina and I are dining at the Orchils' Come up a moment. She wants to speak to you."

So they took the rose tinted rococo elevator. Austin went away to his own quarters, and Selwyn tapped at Nina's boudoir.

"Is that you, Phil? One minute. Watson is finishing my hair. Come in now and kindly keep your distance, my friend. Do you suppose I want Rosamund to know what brand of war paint I use?"

"Rosamund?" he repeated, with a good humored shrug. "It's likely, isn't it?"

"Certainly it's likely. You'd never know you were telling her anything, but she'd extract every detail in ten seconds. I understand she adores you, Phil. Eileen is furious at being left here all alone. She's practically well, and she's to dine with Drina in the library. Would you be good enough to dine there with them? Eileen, poor child, is heartily sick of her imprisonment. It would be a mercy, Phil."

"Is that you, Phil?"

"Why, yes, I'll do it, of course, only I've some matters at home"—

"Home! You call those stuffy, smoky, impossible, half furnished rooms home! Phil, when are you ever going to get some pretty furniture and art things? Eileen and I have been talking it over, and we've decided to go there and see what you need and then order it, whether you like it or not."

"Thanks," he said, laughing. "It's just what I've tried to avoid. I've got things where I want them now, but I knew it was too comfortable to last. Boots said that some woman would be sure to be good to me with an art nouveau rocking chair."

"A perfect sample of man's gratitude," said Nina, exasperated, "for I've ordered two beautiful art nouveau rocking chairs, one for you and one for Mr. Lansing. Now you can go and humiliate poor little Eileen, who took so much pleasure in planning with me for your comfort. As for your friend Boots, he's unspeakable—with my compliments."

Selwyn stayed until he made peace with his sister, then he mounted to the nursery to "lean over" the younger children and preside at prayers. This being accomplished, he descended to the library, where Eileen Erroll in a filmy, lace clouded gown, full of turquoise tints, reclined with her arm around Drina amid heaps of cushions, watching the waitress prepare a table for two.

He took the fresh, cool hand she extended and sat down on the edge of her couch.

"All O. K. again?" he inquired, retaining Eileen's hand in his.

"Thank you—quite. Are you really going to dine with us? Are you sure you want to? Oh, I know you've given up some very gay dinner somewhere"—

"I was going to dine with Boots when Nina rescued me. Poor Boots! I think I'll telephone"—

"Telephone him to come here!" begged Drina. "Would he come? Oh, please—I'd love to have him."

"I wish you would ask him," said Eileen; "it's been so lonely and stupid

Eileen reclined with her arm around Drina.

to lie in bed with a red nose and fishy eyes and pains in one's back and limbs. Please do let us have a party."

So Selwyn went to the telephone and presently returned, saying that Boots was overwhelmed and would be present at the festivities, and Drina, enraptured, ordered flowers to be brought from the dining room and a large table set for four, with particular pomp and circumstance.

Mr. Archibald Lansing arrived very promptly, a short, stocky young man of clean and powerful build, with dark, keen eyes always alert and humorous lips ever on the edge of laughter under his dark mustache.

His manner with Drina was always delightful, a mixture of self repressed idolatry and busily naive belief in a thorough understanding between them to exclude Selwyn from their company.

"This Selwyn fellow here!" he exclaimed. "I warned him over the phone we'd not tolerate him, Drina. I explained to him very carefully that you and I were dining together in strictest privacy."

"He begged so hard," said Eileen. "Will somebody place an extra pillow for Drina?"

They seized the same pillow fiercely, confronting each other; massacre appeared imminent.

"Two pillows," said Drina sweetly, and extermination was averted. The child laughed happily, covering one of Boots' hands with both of hers.

"So you've left the service, Mr. Lansing?" began Eileen, lying back and looking smilingly at Boots.

"Had to, Miss Erroll. Seven millionaires ran into my quarters and chased me out and down Broadway into the offices of the Westchester Air Line company. Then these seven merciless millionaires in buckram bound and gagged me, stuffed my pockets full of salary and forced me to typewrite a fearful and secret oath to serve them for five long, weary years. That's a sample of how the wealthy grind the noses of the poor, isn't it, Drina?"

The child slipped her hand from his, smiling uncertainly.

"You don't mean all that, do you?"

"Indeed, I do, sweetheart."

"Are you not a soldier lieutenant any more, then?" she inquired, horribly disappointed.

"Only a private in the workman's battalion, Drina."

"I don't care," retorted the child obstinately. "I like you just as much."

"How tall you're growing, Drina," remarked Selwyn.

"Probably the early spring weather," added Boots. "You're twelve, aren't you?"

"Thirteen," said Drina gravely.

"Almost time to elope with me," nodded Boots.

"I'll do it now," she said—"as soon as my new gowns are made—if you'll take me to Manila. Will you? I believe my Aunt Alixe is there"—

She caught Eileen's eye and stopped short. "I forgot," she murmured. "I beg your pardon, Uncle Philip."

Boots was talking very fast and laughing a great deal. Eileen's plate claimed her undivided attention. Selwyn quietly finished his claret. The child looked at them all.

"By the way," said Boots abruptly, "what's the matter with Gerald? He came in before noon looking very seedy." Selwyn glanced up qui

"Wasn't he at the office?" asked Eileen anxiously.

"Oh, yes," replied Selwyn. "He felt a trifle under the weather, so I sent him home."

"Is it the grip?"

"N-no, I believe not."

"Do you think he had better have a doctor? Where is he?"

"He was here," observed Drina composedly, "and father was angry with him."

"What?" exclaimed Eileen. "When?"

"This morning before father went downtown."

Both Selwyn and Lansing cut in coolly, dismissing the matter with a careless word or two, and coffee was served, cambric tea in Drina's case.

"Come on," said Boots, slipping a bride rose into Drina's curls. "I'm ready for confidences."

"Confidences" had become an established custom with Drina and Boots. It meant that every time they saw one another they were pledged to tell each other everything that had occurred in their lives since their last meeting.

So Drina, excitedly requesting to be excused, jumped up and, taking Lansing's hand in hers, led him to a sofa in a distant corner, where they immediately installed themselves and began an earnest and whispered exchange of confidences, punctuated by little whirlwinds of laughter from the child.

Chapter 8

EILEEN settled deeper among her pillows as the table was removed, and Selwyn drew his chair forward.

"What is the matter with Gerald?" she asked. "Could you tell me?"

"Nothing serious is the matter, Eileen."

"Is he not ill."

"Not very."

She lay still a moment; then, with the slightest gesture, "Come here."

He seated himself near her. She laid her hand fearlessly on his arm.

"Tell me," she demanded. And as he remained silent, "Once," she said, "I came suddenly into the library. Austin and Gerald were there. Austin seemed to be very angry with my brother. I heard him say something that worried me, and I slipped out before they saw me."

Selwyn remained silent.

"Was that it?"

"I—don't know what you heard."

"Don't you understand me?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, then"—she crimsoned—"has Gerald m-misbehaved again?"

"What did you hear Austin say?" he demanded.

"I heard—something about dissipation. He was very angry with Gerald. It is not the best way, I think, to become angry with either of us—either me or Gerald—because then we are usually inclined to do it again, whatever it is."

They laughed a little. Her fingers, which had tightened on his arm, relaxed, her hand fell away, and she straightened up, sitting Turk fashion and smoothed her hair, which contact with the pillows had disarranged so that it threatened to come tumbling over eyes and cheeks.

"Oh, hair, hair," she murmured, "you're Nina's despair and my endless punishment. I'd twist and pin you tight if I dared. Some day I will too. What are you looking at so curiously, Captain Selwyn—my mop?"

"It's about the most stunningly beautiful thing I ever saw," he said, still curious.

It was a new note in their cordial intimacy, this nascent intrusion of the personal. To her it merely meant his very charming recognition of her maturity—that she was fast becoming a woman like other women, to be looked at and remembered as an individual and no longer classed vaguely as one among hundreds of the newly emerged whose soft, unexpanded personalities all resembled one another.

For some time now she had cherished this tiny grudge in her heart—that he had never seemed to notice anything in particular about her except when he tried to be agreeable concerning some new gown. The contrast had become the sharper, too, since she had awakened to the admiration of other men. And the awakening was only half convinced happiness mingled with shy surprise that the wise world should really deem her so lovely.

"A red headed girl," she said teasingly. "I thought you had better taste than—than"—

"Than to think you a raving beauty?"

"Oh," she said, "you don't think that!"

As a matter of fact he himself had become aware of it so suddenly that he had no time to think very much about it. It was rather strange, too, that he had not always been aware of it, or was it partly the mellow light from the lamp tinting her till she glowed and shimmered like a young sorceress, sitting so straight there in her turquoise silk and misty lace?

When Drina had gone to bed Boots also took his leave, and Selwyn rose, too, a troubled, careworn expression replacing the careless gayety which had made him seem so young in Miss Erroll's youthful eyes.

"Wait, Boots," he said. "I'm going home with you." And to Eileen, almost absently: "Good night. I'm so very glad you are well again."

"Good night," she said, looking up at him. The faintest sense of disappointment came over her—at what she did not know. Was it because in his completely altered face she realized the instant and easy detachment from herself and what concerned her? Was it because other people, like Mr. Lansing—other interests, like those which so plainly in his face betrayed his preoccupation—had so easily replaced an intimacy which had seemed to grow newer and more delightful with every meeting?

What was it, then, that he found more interesting, more important, than their friendship, their companionship? Was she never to grow old enough or wise enough or experienced enough to exact—without exacting—his paramount consideration and interest? Was there no common level of mental equality where they could meet—where termination of interviews might be mutual, might be fairer to her?

Now he went away, utterly detached from her and what concerned her, to seek other interests of which she knew nothing; absorbed in them to her utter exclusion, leaving her here with the long evening before her and nothing to do, because her eyes were not yet strong enough to use for reading.

Lansing was saying, "I'll drive as far as the club with you, and then you can drop me and come back later."

"Right, my son. I'll finish a letter and then come back."

"Can't you write it at the club?"

"Not that letter," he replied in a low voice and, turning to Eileen, smiled his absent, detached smile, offering his hand.

But she lay back, looking straight up at him.

"Are you going?"

"Yes. I have several"—

"Stay with me," she said in a low voice.

For a moment the words meant nothing; then blank surprise silenced him, followed by curiosity.

"Is there something you wished to tell me?" he asked.

"N-no."

His perplexity and surprise grew. "Wait a second, Boots," he said. And Mr. Lansing, being a fairly intelligent young man, went out and down the stairway.

"Now," he said too kindly, too soothingly, "what is it, Eileen?"

"Nothing. I thought—but I don't care. Please go, Captain Selwyn."

"No, I shall not until you tell me what troubles you."

"I can't."

"Try, Eileen."

"Why, it is nothing, truly it is nothing. Only I was—it is so early—only a quarter past 8."

He stood there looking down at her, striving to understand.

"That is all," she said, flushing a trifle. "I can't read, and I can't sew, and there's nobody here. I don't mean to bother you"—

"Child," he exclaimed, "do you want me to stay?"

"Yes," she said. "Will you?"

He walked swiftly to the landing outside and looked down.

"Boots," he called in a low voice, "I'm not going home yet. Don't wait for me at the Lenox."

"All right," returned Mr. Lansing cheerfully. A moment later the front door closed below. Then Selwyn came back into the library.

For an hour he sat there telling her the gayest stories and talking the most delightful nonsense, alternating with interesting incisions into serious subjects which it enchanted her to dissect under his confident guidance.

Alert, intelligent, all aquiver between laughter and absorption, she had sat up among her silken pillows, resting her weight on one rounded arm, her splendid young eyes fixed on him to detect and follow and interpret every change in his expression personal to the subject and to her share in it.

His old self again! What could be more welcome? Not one shadow in his pleasant eyes, not a trace of pallor, of care, of that gray aloofness. How jolly, how young, he was after all!

They discussed or laughed at or mentioned and dismissed with a gesture a thousand matters of common interest in that swift hour—incredibly swift unless the hall clock's deadened chimes were mocking time itself with mischievous effrontery.

She heard them, the enchantment still in her eyes. He nodded, listening, meeting her gaze with his smile undisturbed. When the last chime had sounded she lay back among her cushions.

"Thank you for staying," she said quite happily. "Do you think me interesting to real men, like you and Boots?" she asked.

"Yes," he said deliberately, "I do. I don't know how interesting, because I never quite realized how—how you had matured. That was my stupidity."

"Captain Selwyn," in confused triumph, "you never gave me a chance—I mean, you always were nice in—in the same way you are to Drina. I liked it—don't, please, misunderstand—only I knew there was something else to me—something more nearly your own age. It was jolly to know you were really fond of me, but youthful sisters grow faster than you imagine. And now, when you come, I shall venture to believe it is not wholly to do me a kindness—but—a little—to do yourself one too. Is that not the basis of friendship?"

"Yes."

"Community and equality of interests, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And—in which the—the charity of superior experience and the inattention of intellectual preoccupation and the amused concession to ignorance must steadily, if gradually, disappear? Is that it too?"

Astonishment and chagrin at his misconception of her gave place to outright laughter at his own expense.

"Where on earth did you—I mean that I am quite overwhelmed under your cutting indictment of me. Old duffers of my age"—

"Don't say that," she said. "That is pleading guilty to the indictment and reverting to the old footing. I shall not permit you to go back."

"I don't want to, Eileen."

"I am wondering," she said airily, "about that 'Eileen.' I'm not sure but that easy and fluent 'Eileen' is part of the indictment. What do you call Gladys Orchil, for example?"

"What do I care what I call anybody?" he retorted, laughing.

Their light hearted laughter mingled delightfully—fresh, free, uncontrolled, peal after peal. She sat huddled up like a schoolgirl, lovely head thrown back, her white hands clasping her knees; he, both feet squarely on the floor, leaned forward, his laughter echoing hers.

"What nonsense! What blessed nonsense you and I are talking!" she said, "but it has made me quite happy. Now you may go to your club."

(To be continued.)

Woman's World

A SUFFRAGETTE HERE.

Mrs. Philip Snowden, Wife of a Distinguished Member of Parliament.

Mrs. Philip Snowden, who recently arrived in this country from England, is not only the wife of a distinguished member of parliament, but is famous on her own account as a suffragette and a lecturer. During her stay in America she will talk on the subject nearest her heart, woman's rights, at a number of colleges and women's clubs.

Mrs. Snowden is young and passing fair, of the dainty pink and white type of English beauty. She is not of the most militant variety of the suffragettes. She has never been in jail or smashed a window or chained herself to a park railing so the police couldn't make her move along, but she marched at the head of the first monster procession in London last June between Lady Frances Balfour, sister-in-law of King Edward's sister, on one side and Mrs. Henry Fawcett, widow of Victoria's cabinet minister, on the other.

"We have hundreds of titled persons who are members and contributors to the movement," said Mrs. Snowden when interviewed the other day. "At one meeting alone, attended mainly by the aristocracy, we took up a collection of $35,000. I don't know what part the Duchess of Marlborough is

MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN.

going to take, because she joined just before I came away. I think she was influenced by the Hon. Mrs. Bertland Russell, sister-in-law of Countess Russell, who is also a suffragette. Mrs. Russell, who was formerly a Philadelphia girl, is a great friend of the duchess.

"Annie Kenney has brought more fashionable women into the movement than anybody. Annie Kenney is the little factory girl whom W. T. Stead has called the Joan of Arc of the movement. She started the whole thing with a question to John Burns at Albert hall one night soon after the Liberal government came in. Before an audience of 11,000 he was outlining what the Liberal party proposed to do for the various classes of men. Annie Kenney leaned out of a box and said, 'What are you going to do for the women?' The audience would have torn her in pieces if it could have got at her. At the same time Cristabel Pankhurst was doing the same thing at a meeting in Manchester, and she was put out of the hall with her clothes torn half off her. The things that have been done to the suffragettes by the stewards of political meetings in which they asked questions would not be believed in America."

Her Searchlight the Best Yet.

Women have not achieved much in the field of invention, but for the improvement of the searchlight Mrs. Bertha Ayrton is being honored by scientific bodies in England. She is the only woman who holds membership in the British Institute of Electrical Engineers and the only woman who has received a medal from the Royal society of London for original, unaided research in electricity. She succeeded with the searchlight where men the world over failed. After experiments carried over several years had failed to increase range and illumination the British admiralty called in Professor Ayrton in the hope of making the searchlight more effective. Ayrton was puzzled, as other experts had been. His wife watched his work, and she finally expressed confidence in her ability to make an improvement. Ayrton gave her a free hand, engaging himself in other work. A couple of weeks ago the admiralty heads grew enthusiastic about the improved searchlight he exhibited before them. When they crowded around to congratulate him the professor said: "Congratulate my wife. She's the inventor; not I."

Do You Comb Your Hair Properly?

"My hair is coming out by the handful," complained a woman to her hairdresser recently.

"How do you comb it?" was the reply. "Half of my patients who complain of falling hair really are pulling it out by their own barbarous use of the comb.

"Never pull or tug at long hair; use a long, sweeping stroke if there are no tangles. If there are, work at each one lightly and separately till it is removed.

"Always begin at the ends of the hair, working up gradually. If the tangles are very bad, it is much better to thread them with the fingers before touching with the comb.

"Easily tangled hair should always be combed in small strands, which are kept separate till the entire head has been gone over.

"In the case of an invalid whose hair has not been combed for several days it is well to rub a little oil or vaseline on the hair, which helps to take out the tangles more easily. Even for a short illness the hair should be parted down the middle from the forehead to the nape of the neck and two plaits made. Never endeavor to make the brush do the work of the comb.

"The brush is for smoothing, for giving that fine gloss so justly admired, not to be driven fiercely through a mass of tangles.

"Treat your hair gently, as a precious possession. Remember, it is 'woman's crowning glory!'"

Gay Bedroom Slippers.

Not all the bedroom slippers that are shown as novelties are copyable, but the gay effects in colored canvas, lined with quilted satin, can easily be made up from a good slipper pattern and sewed to a pair of soles.

The best way to manage is to rip up a pair of old bedroom slippers that fit well, cut out the shape in red, green, pink or any desired color of canvas such as is used for fancy work and cut similar pieces of quilted satin, either in the same or a contrasting tone.

Baste the canvas and satin together wrong side to wrong side, turn in the edges, overcast them neatly together and sew to the soles.

Finish on the toe with a pompon the same color or with a rosette made of many knotted loops of inch wide ribbon, either velvet or satin.

How to Sew on Buttons.

The following is an excellent way of sewing buttons on children's coats, etc.: Make a good sized knot in your thread, which should be fairly coarse, then place a small pearl button on the inside of the coat. Put the needle first through the material, starting from the right side of the garment, then through the small button, then back again through the material and right through the big button.

Continue to stitch through and through until the button feels quite firm, then give the thread a twist or two round the base of the top button and finish off securely. There will then be no fear of the buttons coming off or tearing away the cloth.

Mice Don't Like Camphor.

Country people long ago discovered that lumps of camphor scattered through their pantries and cellars would drive off the pest of tiny red ants that sometimes and without apparent cause infest places where food is placed. It is now known that mice and rats also have an aversion to camphor and will not go where it is. A lump of it placed at the mouth of rat and mice holes while waiting for the carpenter is a sufficient deterrent. If one is in the habit of placing tablecloths in hampers to wait for washing day, a lump of camphor in a cheesecloth bag tied to the hamper will keep mice away and always be in its place.

Various Things to Remember.

When selecting the goods for your business or street shirt waist, remember that it is the color note that is the novelty. The colored stripe, both in linen and lawn, is extremely fashionable, especially when the stripe is of brown, porcelain or navy blue and lavender. Remember when planning your waists that simple styles are the smartest. Even the lingerie waist that reached the height of elaborateness is now seen in the plain tailored style. The one side frill is a favorite form of trimming and is made so that it can be buttoned into the waist.

The First Safety Pin.

A little boy, the son of an English blacksmith, used to act as nursemaid to his baby brother. The baby often cried, and its tears were generally caused by pin pricks. Noticing this, the boy tried to bend pins in such a way that they would do their work without puncturing the baby.

He failed, but his father, seeing the utility of the idea the lad had been at work on, set to work on his own account and eventually turned out the safety pin, which is now used all over the world.

Alum Cures Fever Blisters.

Not the least unpleasant by any means of the ills attendant upon a cold is the uncomfortable, unbecoming cold sore or fever blister. If taken in time its further development can often be stopped by the application of a bit of alum. Moisten this and rub gently, but thoroughly, over the spot.

To Remove Carpet Stains.

Stains on carpet can often be removed by making a thick paste of fuller's earth to which a little ammonia has been added. Put on the paste thickly, let it stand twenty-four hours and brush off. Sometimes a second application is necessary.

Smilage.

Nervous Traveler (to seat companion)—How fast should you say you were traveling?

Companion (who has been flirting with the girl across the way)—About a smile a minute.—Life.

In memory of Kate Greenaway, the artist famed for her quaint pictures of children, a cot has been placed in a ward of a London hospital.

Exercise solely will cure sleeplessness, and food that is easily digested should be eaten.